So shall these *slaues* be *King*, and thou their *slaue*:
Thou *nobly base*, they basely *dignified*:
Thou their *faire life*, and they thy *fouler graue*:
Thou loathed in their *shame*, they in thy *pride*,
The *lesser thing* should not the *greater* hide.
The *Cedar* stoopes not to the base *shrubs* foote,
But low *shrubs* wither at the *Cedars root*.

So let thy *thoughts* low *vassals* to thy *state*,
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not heare thee:
Yeeld to my *loue*, if not, enforced *hate*
Instead of *loues* coy *touch* shall rudely teare thee:
That done, despightfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto the base bed of some rascall *groome*,
To be thy *partner* in this shamefull *doome*.

This said, he sets his foot vpon the *light*,
For *light* and *lust* are deadly enemies:
Shame folded vp in blind concealing *night*,
VVhen most vnseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The *Wolfe* hath seiz'd his *prey*, the poor *Lamb* cries
Till with her owne white *fleece* her *voice* controlled
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly *linnen* that she weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her *head*,
Cooling his hot *face* in the chastest *teares*,
That euer modest *eies* with sorrow shed.
O that foule *lust* should staine so pure a *bed*:
The *spots* whereof could weeping purifie,
Her *teares* should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose againe:
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary *ioy* breeds moneths of *paine*,
This *hot desire* conuerts to *cold disdaine*:
Pure *Chastity* is rifled of her store,

Looke as the ful-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,
Vnapt for tender *smell* or speedy *flight*,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke
The *prey* wherein by nature they delight:
So surfer-taking *Tarquin* feares this night.
His taste delicious, in digestion sowring,
Deuoures his *will*, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne than bottomlesse *conceit*
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken *desire* must vomit his *receit*,
Ere he can see his owne abhomination.
While *lust* is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
Till like a Iade, self-will himselfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheeke,
With heauy *eye*, knit *brow*, and strengthlesse *pace*,
Feeble *desire* all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a bankerout begger wailes his case:
The flesh being proud, *desire* doth fight with grace:
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
The guilty *rebel* for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
VVho this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
That through the length of *times* he stands disgraced
Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced:
To whose weake *ruines* muster troopes of *cares*,
To aske the spotted *Princesse* how she fares.

She saies her *subiects* with foule insurrection,
Haue battred downe her consecrated *wall*,
And by their mortall *fault* brought in subiection
Her *immortality*, and made her thrall
To *liuing death* and paine *perpetuall*.
VVhich in her *prescience* she controled still

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